+ Persons

The Fabulous Four

Super Stud

SUPER GAY Comix no. 8

Leather Thing

Ironwoman

JaysonMan & ArenaWoman

Mature Readers

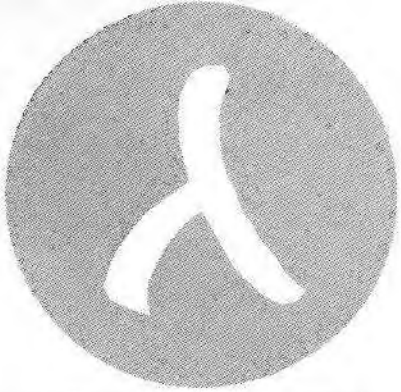
$2

SAY, MISTER, DO YOU HAVE SUPER POWERS, OR ARE YOU JUST GAY?
ON SALE NOW FLEX-O-RAMA COMICS
SUPER MUSCLE
HEY!!! KIDS COMICS
HOWDY DOODY FAN CLUB
KALYNN

ONE READER'S STORY

HOLY HORMONES!

Batman and Robin Made Me Gay!



by Steve Beery

When I was a kid in the early '60s, comic books held the answers to all the mysteries of life. Uncle Scrooge explored the globe and Little Lulu governed her neighborhood, but my favorites were Batman and Robin. For all the emphasis on detection, on puzzling over clues and chasing the crazy villains, the Batman and Robin stories were about devotion—to their crimefighting ideal and, more importantly, to each other. Unwittingly, and to my undying gratitude, Batman and Robin made me gay.

Some kids wanted to be Batman. I wanted to be Robin. Batman was the Daddy: accomplished, perfect, remote. Robin was just like me, only more so. He was a pint-sized punster who could hold his own against six armed thugs. With a judo flip he could flatten grown men and still have breath to crack, "Pardon my heel, heel!" or "Strike three—you're out!"

Robin started life as a circus aerialist whose parents were brutally murdered by a gangster. This didn't present much of a handicap to the Boy Wonder. He got to live in an elegant mansion with sumptuous furnishings and a butler. In the secret Batcave deep beneath the house, he worked out, wrestled, and studied crime detection. He drove his own Batcycle and flew his own Whirlybat. Best of all, he had the undivided loyalty of Batman.

So great was the bond that linked the two partners that stories often hinged around threats to the relationship. From time to time Batman would seem to be in league with a new assistant, and Robin would privately worry, but these invariably turned out to be special situations where Robin's life was in jeopardy, and the new helper would actually be a robot or Superman in disguise. At one point Dick Grayson's long-lost aunt and uncle appeared and tried to adopt Dick back from Bruce Wayne; fortunately, they were exposed as imposters, and the sanctity of the Dynamic Duo was preserved.

My favorite comics were the fat, 25-cent Giants that offered seven or eight stories in one issue. It wasn't until later that I realized these stories were reprints from the 1940s and '50s; I took for granted the odd details, the men in suits and hats and the ungainly cars. Everything else about Batman's world was exaggerated, from the huge, working models of typewriters and electric fans to the bizarre enemies, like Clayface and Killer Moth. The fact that the stories ranged through different settings and styles contributed to their mythic feeling.

Around the time I was 11 or 12, the comics folks upped the sex ante. The drawing got more anatomical, and the villains got hunkier: my favorite was the Hooded Hangman, a professional wrestler who dispensed with a shirt and paraded his muscles in the bare flesh. This was just what my budding libido had been searching for. At the same time, Batman started on television.

The TV Batman was a whole new ballgame. It was as if my private fantasy had suddenly gone retail, accessible to the world. Worse, it was being mocked. Batman made corny speeches about the importance of pedestrian safety, and I heard a kid at school call him a fairy. Meanwhile—holy hormones!—I was discovering a blunt sexual urge for Robin. I studied the way his biceps flexed when the Riddler suspended him over a vat of boiling wax; his strong legs in tights; the jaunty way he tossed his cape over his shoulder when he ran. My idealized fantasy from the comics was giving way to something cruder: the dull reality of being turned on by a live actor playing a part. I was growing up.

There was much coverage in **TV Guide** about Batman bringing "camp" to television. My 12-year-old critical facility assumed this to be an exotic quality imported from New York, like pop art and the Beautiful People. The official explanation for camp was that it constituted something so bad it was good, but to my friends Batman was simply uncool. I was too young to appreciate the fey theatricality of Tallulah Bankhead confronting the "dynamic dahhlings." It wasn't until I got to San Francisco that I realized there was more to camp than Batman had let on.

To credit the Caped Crusaders with influencing my incipient sexuality is perhaps a trifle misleading. More accurately, I recognized that my response to their example was a romantic one. But to accuse the comics of deliberately fostering homosexuality, as psychologist Dr. Fredric Wertham did in the middle '50s, is to underestimate a child's acceptance of fable and allegory. Batman and Robin were devoted to each other, but in the way of a loving, mutually supportive father and son. They weren't competitive or jealous; the absence of a mother figure eliminated the need for rivalry. Besides loyalty, they exhibited the virtues of fair play, discipline, honesty, and adherence to a code of ethics.

The fact is that a thinly-veiled sexuality pervades children's entertainment, from fairy tales to video games, and with good reason. Kids naturally want to assimilate what they're going to need to know in order to survive the sadism of the Boss and the tyranny of the Nuclear Family. Comics, with their muscular heroes and villains locked in hand-to-hand combat, are obvious parables about the power heirarchies of adults.

In this violent world of fantasies and frustrations, I commend Batman and Robin for their gentility. Against the tide of chaotic anarchy propounded by the Joker, they are engaged in no less noble a pursuit than preserving civilization—stately Wayne Manor, tea-pouring butler and all. They have each other, and in their Gotham City Neverland, where Lost Boys don't grow up, it's all they need.

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Edited by Robert Triptow. Dedicated to the wandering intellect of Unca Fud.

Once upon a time in a very sexually liberated place and time there lived a fresh into the scene young clone.
LENNY'S LEATHER SHOP
FOLSOM
RINGOLD
Until the dark cloud of AIDS settled over the scene leaving our leather bound lad trapped inside of a tomb of leather, a deflated spectre of a time and lifestyle now removed.
Who one day discovered the ways of the leather neather world...
It began simply enough with a sensible leather coat to ward off the winter's cold!
Next came the boots, then the chaps because they matched so well!
Leather caps! leather belts! leather shorts and vests!
And finally a leather hood "just because."
LEATHERTHING!

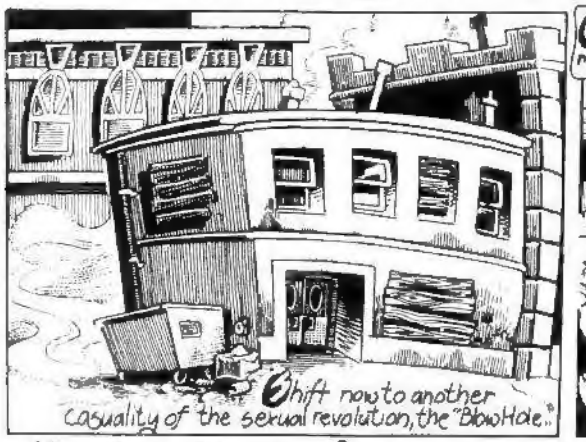
Behold Vic Voo, the demonic Voo Doo HAIRDRESSER !!
And it is a terrible day indeed, for Voo is loose doing the One thing that he loves to do best...
Out within some anonymous dive Voo stalks his next victim for an attitude showdown of sheer terror!
VICTIM
HOW DO YOU DO - MY NAME IS VOO - I'M THE NASTIEST QUEEN IN ALL THE LAND - I'M A WALKING, TALKING ATTITUDE GLAND!
With a sigh of indifference the battle begins!
SNUB
BORED
A battle of attitudes to the death!
SIGH
NOT WORTH THE TIME
I SHRUG
FREE
PARTY
STARE
Beauty 2

GLEAM
HAUGHTINESS
ARROGANCE

-Uh
-Uh
-Uh
-Uh
-Uhm

AAAAAA
A MASSIVE ATTITUDE OVER-LOAD, SO SOON?

AAAAAHH THE SWEET MUSIC OF VICTORY!
POP
FFT
POP


Shift now to another casuality of the sexual revolution, the "Blow Hole."

Once a proud palace of leatherworld, this sad monument has fallen prey to -
WHAT A DUMP! SIMPLY A MESS!
OH, IT WILL BE FIRST-RATE! ENVISION CHROME LIVING, ZEBRA PRINTS, TURQUISE AND PINK FOR DAYS!!
Ghastly YUPPIE DEVELOPERS

NOW THAT WON'T DO, THAT'S A PUBLIC EMBARRASSMENT!
MY GOD, WHAT IS THAT DUSTY OLD REEL?

EEEEEYYUUU THAT, SIMPLY MUST GO!
HERE'S SOME POPPERS THAT I FOUND, LET'S SEE IF THIS REVIVES IT!

IT WORKED! STEER IT TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR!
I DO FEEL BETTER. SIMPLY BETTER!!
Voo's Doos
6969
OPEN
Behold Voo's Doos, the devious den of Vic Voo...
THAT-THAT SPECIAL URGE IS COMING OVER ME, I-I MUST HOLD OUT, I CANT GIVE IN, I-
HEH HEH HEH
VOO IS LOOSE! OOOO- A RADICAL LESBIAN SEPARATIST- PERFECT!!
Out
OH FOO! THAT HEIFER DIDNT LAST VERY LONG. AND I'M RARIN' TO GO!
MY GOD, IS IT A DINOSAUR? IT'S A LEATHER QUEEN. I THOUGHT THEY ALL DIED OUT!
PREPARE TO BECOME EXTINCT DADDY!!
FALSE ASSURANCE
4

VANRIDE
SNUB
SNUB
SNUB
SNUB
SNUB
EEEEEE IT'S EMPTY, THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE ALL THAT LEATHER AT ALL!
IMPOSSIBLE! YOU HAVE NO ATTITUDE, WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE HAS NO ATTITUDE?
Voo aged a lifestyle overnight and spent the rest of his days cruising underaged chicken in noisy bars...
A is for Leatherthing
Well.....
VOUDON 86
END

IRONWOMAN'S
BY CAMPER ©96
SAFETY TIPS FOR GALS
YEAH, SURE IT'S GREAT HAVING THE STRENGTH TO DEMOLISH NUCLEAR SUBMARINES WITH THE BAT OF AN EYELASH...
BUT ANY LADY CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. ALL SHE NEEDS IS ONE SIMPLE MANEUVER.
WHEN SOME MEAN OL' RAPIST IS GIVING YOU A ROUGH TIME
SPREAD 'EM BITCH CUZ I'M GONNA FUCK YOU GOOD
JUST PULL OUT YOUR HANDY SWITCH-BLADE
ZAP
YYYOOOWWWW
AND WHACK OFF HIS WEENIE!
SLASH!

Sunday afternoon meetings of the *Black Swamp Literary Appreciation Guild* promote Gay Culture.

Today's offering is ***Blowing in the Wind,*** Lyndon Lovelace's memoirs as a Chicago hustler. The high point is his graff but lovable mentor, who recites Walt Whitman while giving our hero the strap.

On the negative side, I ***do*** wish the author would learn "it's" from "its." Poor grammar is **so** unerotic!

Who is this masked figure, and what can he do for *Gay Liberation?* Who is the hunk in the skin-tight costume, and why is he running down a sleepy, gentrified street in Black Swamp, Ohio? Who's the stud with the broad shoulders, solid pecs, and luscious thighs, and what's his phone number?

And what will you review for us, mon cher Jeffie?

This month's *Spider-Man.* In this issue we learn Aunt May is actually J. Jonah Jameson in drag.

Spider-Man, in his new costume of black lace and garters, catches him in bed with Dr. Octopus, the 8-phallused fiend.

Wait a minute! Spider-Man sure has changed since the last time I read it.

I rewrote it. Peter Parker was always my favorite fantasy.

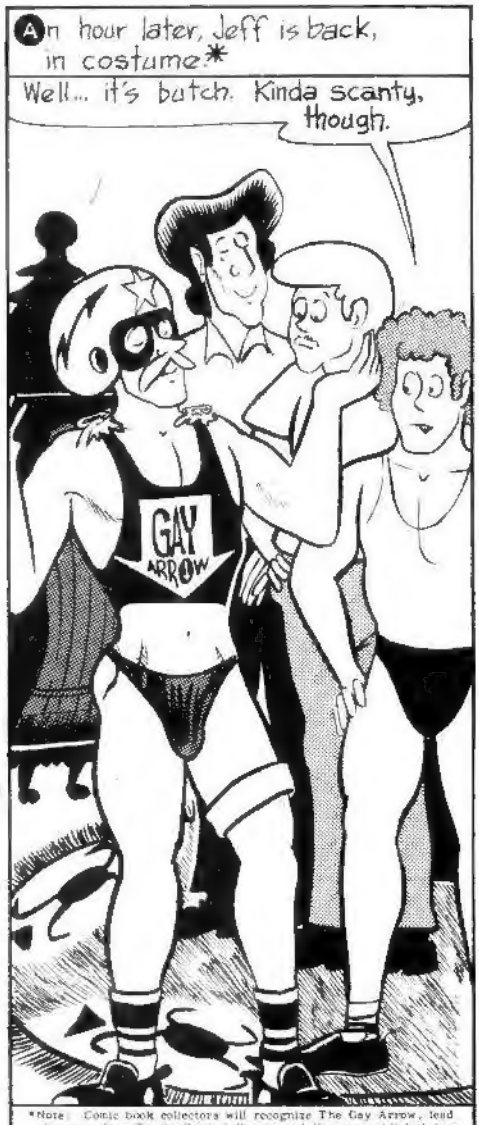
All set?

I wish there were some ***easier*** way to get into Jeff's pants.

He doesn't know when he's being seduced!

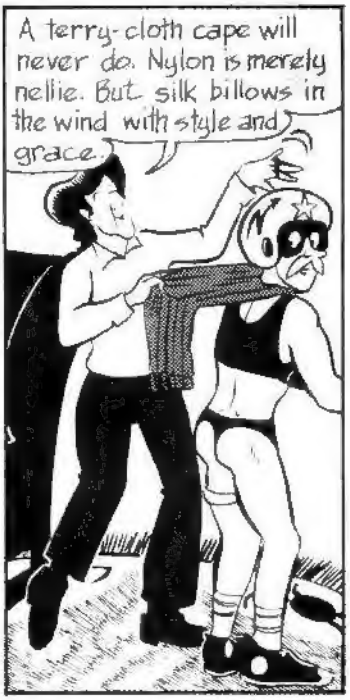
An intriguing scenario, Jeffie. Wouldn't it be fun to act out? We could go up to my ***boudoir royale,*** and...

That ***would*** be fun! The hunks wouldn't be able to keep their hands off me!



*Note: Comic book collectors will recognize The Gay Arrow, lead character from Timely Comics' *Homosexual Heroes*, published from 1942-1944. This is his first appearance since the Golden Age.

Jeff, you may be the first homosexual ever without the slightest sense of style or design.
Not to worry, Jeffie. You've come to the right place. We'll make you the chicest superhero in town.
GAY ARROW



Ugh! Walk around in that helmet and people'll think you're heterosexual, or something
We'll make the costume out of chiffon to show off these sleek, rippling muscles
Black leather and no less!
But once in costume what'll we do?
Why, CRUISE, of course!!
I mean, Superman has special powers, and the incredible Hulk isn't just a guy in a fancy costume
Hmmm...
I know! We'll send in an order from this ad
Make money at home piercing nipples with your sewing machine..."
No the other page!
Oh "Amaze your friends! Impress your tricks! High tech sex gadgets for every fantasy!"
SEX
Stick with us, mon cher Jeffie and you'll have powers Captain America never dreamed of!
After Jeff has been thoroughly measured...
What a mess we're in! You'll have Jeff in chiffon tights, but not in your bedroom
No need to stifle the lad's imagination. And he shall discover the mysteries of le boudoir royale.

But your whole scheme to seduce him has fallen through.
Not at all. That's a superhero without a supervillain?
We'll bait the trap with a supervillain, who will subdue Jeff, and carry him back to le boudoir royale
Where are we going to find someone with the body of a supervillain. All our friends are tired old queens with sagging tits.
Where indeed, Lee, where indeed?
You look like a wicked ol' villain to me, honeypot
Heroes are not born, but carefully designed and color coördinated. Weeks later.
My superhero stuff, Murf! It's come at last!
COMMIE COMMIX
PROLETARIAT
My X Ray goggles will allow me to look through a villain's costume, and check his weapons.
Pushing this button on my wrist sprays him with peppermint crisco. I got that trick from Spider-Man.
Then I'll reach into my Utility Belt for useful chemicals, rubber appliances, chains... whatever it takes
And then I'll finish him off with my Sonic Stud Siren.
Your What?
A super-sonic siren set at exactly the right frequency to set the prostate glands throbbing into action!
"Super Stud," though? Isn't that a trifle immodest?
I can live up to it. I'll take on any guy who says I can't
Sounds like "Captain Slut" would be nearer the mark.
What heroic deeds will you perform to be worthy of the title "Superhero," Super Stud?
I will fight evil tirelessly. I will free the spirit of every gay man in the world. In gratitude for my heroic deeds and stupendous body, the punks will prostate themselves at my feet.

What about your Secret Identity?
Like Peter Parker and Clark Kent.
When did those two start dating?
Your Secret Identity. You'll live a double life: by night, a superhero, by day, mild-mannered Jeff Sorensen.
By day, you pretend to be an ordinary man. At night, you assume your true identity.
Now do you understand?
Sure! It sounds a lot like coming out!
Then, off with you, and woe to the wicked!
On, Sancho! Heigh ho Rozinante!
On to Glory and Effeminacy!
Hmm. Looks like evil is taking the day off.
Wait! I'll try Très Jolies. They just raised the cover charge to $5. If that's not evil, I don't know what is.
¡Gasp! What a terrible thing to say about Tommy!
TOMMY IS A BREEDER
Très Joli
DISCO

Heads will roll for this! Why, I'll go and —
Whoop!!
Oh, my god! Don't you two know what diseases you could spread doing that? And in the middle of the sidewalk.
We couldn't help it. It was Fickle Pickle.
He used Lust Dust on us!
Now, that's really evil!
He went into the bar...
When I get my hands on that Arch-Fiend...
Hold it, Percy. The cover charge is five bucks.
Tres Jolies
COVER CHARGE
But I'm here to strike a blow for virtue and justice.
Give me five bucks and you can blow anything you like.
Spider-Man never has to pay five bucks to beat up the bad guy.
Ha-ha! I've got you now, Super Stud!
ulp!!
Ha-ha! I'll dump a handful of Lust Dust in your face, and unable to move, you'll succumb to unrequited, wonderful agony!

Eat thine own dust, thou vile villain!
THWACK!
Ohh!
Okay, Fickle Pickle, talk. Why have you turned to a life of super-villainy?
I couldn't help it. It's all a desperation you see.
Oh you just gotta fuck me!
Très Jolies
Being a superhero is easier than I thought!
Next morning at Murphy's Manor, Jeff gets a talking to
I can't believe what you did at Très Jolies last night. I hope this superhero nonsense is over
Oh, don't worry about that!
I never even found out who Fickle Pickle was
Well, I'm off to Duchess' place. And they'll be angry that I haven't read a book this week..
Let's see. I read The Call of the Wild in High School...
Hi, Jeff!
Oh hi, Tommy
You should've been at Très Jolies last night. These two superheroes put on a live sex show!
The cops broke it up, but the bar owner was the only one they caught.
I wonder if they'll do a repeat performance!
I doubt it
Boy, am I glad I was wearing a mask!
Hmm now, about a book..
BOOKS

The Black Swamp Literary Appreciation Guild convenes once more
Good afternoon, mon cher Jeffie How's Super Stud today?
Retired.
GHANDI WITH THE WIND A HISTORY OF FLATULENCE IN INDIA
Oh?
I wanted to be a hot trick, but only managed to be hot gossip.
We still love you. Have a nice hot cup of tea, Chickabiddy dear; and then I'll take you up to my bedroom to see my comic book collection.
But I have a report to give. I read Gone with the Wind this week!
Oh, Mary! Oh, Scarlett!
It's a really neat edition, see. It's pictures from the movie, with captions, so you can read the story without all those words getting in the way.
EP SOAP OPERA
GONE WITH THE WIND
Look at her coming down the staircase! Oh, Vivien, I love you! If only you were a stud!
What's... happening?! My god, what a rush!
Scarlett's almost... sexy!
She's got hold of my cock!
Oooh!! She is a stud!
I've never come six times in ten seconds before!
General Sherman's army is marching through my sphincter!
Not so dumb!
Oooh, here come the Yankee cannons!

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN CONDOM!

YOU WANT TO USE RUBBERS?
WE'VE JUST MET— I THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA!
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!
I DON'T! I'LL JUST TAKE MY CHANCES!
LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

I'M CAPTAIN CONDOM! COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING...
WHAT THE-?
WHOOSH
SO... WHAT'S WRONG WITH CONDOMS?
I DUNNO... THEY JUST SEEM SO... SO...
"...SO STRAIGHT..."
SUPER-SENSATION
SHE'LL LOVE 'EM!
"...AND THEY TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF SEX!"
LESS SENSATION!
NO! NO!
NO MORE COMING IN MOUTHS OR ASSES!
CONDOMS MAY SEEM AWKWARD AT FIRST...BUT THEY CAN PREVENT PASSAGE OF THE AIDS VIRUS! YOU CAN MAKE PUTTING THEM ON PART OF FOREPLAY... BE CREATIVE!
BUT... I FEEL HEALTHY! AND I'M SURE MY FRIEND IS OKAY!
BUT YOU CAN'T BE SURE ABOUT EVERYONE YOU'VE BEEN WITH OVER THE LAST FIVE YEARS, AND EVERYONE THAT'S BEEN WITH EACH OF THEM! THE BEST PROTECTION IS TO PRACTICE SAFE SEX WITH EVERYONE YOU MEET!

BESIDES CONDOMS, THERE'S LOTS OF WAYS OF HAVING FUN, HEALTHY SEX...
OH?
LIKE HUGGING... CARESSING...
CUDDLING... BODY RUBBING...
WRESTLING... JACKING OFF TOGETHER...
ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T BREAK THE SKIN OR EXCHANGE BODY FLUIDS...
AHEM!

OKAY— LET'S GIVE IT A TRY.
HAVE FUN, GUYS.
AND DON'T BE AFRAID TO TRY DATING EACH OTHER... AFFECTION CAN BE THE BIGGEST TURN-ON OF ALL.
PHARMACY
THIS PLACE CLOSES IN FIVE MINUTES!
THE ONES WITH THE SPIKES ARE TOO GROSS... THE DAY-GLOW ONES ARE TACKY...
SMALL
MEDIUM
LARGE
KING OF PAIN
©1986 Jeff Franklin

HIGH IN A CONDO ABOVE THE EAST VILLAGE DWELL THE ....
Fa-a-abulous Four
REETCH!! HELP ME!! I CAN'T MAKE IT!
BY THOSE UNRULY ULULATORS:
ROBERT (THE REAL) TRIPTOW, STORY!
ROBOT (THE RAD) DRIPTOWEL, ART!
REEBOK (THE WORN) TRIPPEDOUT, INKS!
RABBIT (THE WANTED) TRAPPER, LETTERS!
EXCESS-IOR!!
OF COURSE YOU CAN, SOUIE! IT'S EASY! JUST RELAX AND STRE-E-E-ETCH!!
THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY! YOU AND YOUR YOGA!
I'M GOING BACK IN THE KITCHEN WHERE A LADY BELONGS! —MAYBE PHONE THE SHE-HUNK AND GIRL-TALK!
?
IV

©1986 ROBERT TRIPTOW

HOW INVISIBLE OF YOU!
THANKS! I DON'T LIKE TO ATTRACT A LOT OF ATTENTION!
FOR
IT'S SLOBBERIN' TIME!
THAT CAME FROM THE WRECK WROOM!!
SOUNDS LIKE THINGIE GOT LUCKY WITH THE CHRISTOPHER STREET GANG!
OOH! OOH! OOH!
THAT'S "MISS THING" TO YOU! *
WHAT A TRICK! HE'S PLAYING WITH THE FLAMING FAG NOW!
PULL YOUR NECK IN!
THE FAG?! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!!
OOOH OOH OOH
* SEE THE ADVOCATE OF THE '60s -- RABID ROBERT
INSIDE
AAAH-- THIS IS TOO MUCH FUN!
IN FACT, I'M... ABOUT... TO....
TORCHY, TORCHY! YOU'RE SO HOT!
FLAMBE!
-WOOPS!
FRYBOY! WAIT...!
WHEW! THAT WAS A GOOD ONE!
LOOK! THE BOXEY BUILDING'S ON FIRE AGAIN!

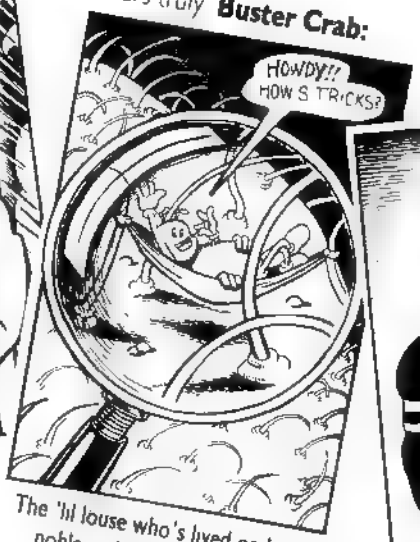
$200
IMMATURE READERS
YAG
Tragyx
UGH!! FLAGRANT HETEROSEXUALS AM FLAUNTING THEIR LIFESTYLE!
NORMAL PERVERTS!
BREEDERS!
DON'T BE GLAD, SOURPUSS! THEM AM JUST HETEROPHOBIC!
HEY, HONEY! WHY YOU NOT BE FEMININE BULL-DYKE?
TAKE IT BACK TO STRAIGHT GHETTO!!
HIM NOT EVEN NELLY!
EVERYTHING AM REVERSED ON THE BIZARRO WORLD!
©1986 ROBERT TRIPTOW

OUR REGULAR FEATURE WILL NOT BE SEEN NEXT ISSUE SO WE CAN BRING YOU THE UPCOMING SPECIAL, "GAY COMIX" WILL RETURN TO ITS NORMAL FORMAT TWO ISSUES FROM NOW.....
LIVE! DIRECT FROM THE AHEM HEART OF WEST HOLLYWOOD..
IT'S THE ALL-"POPPERS" LAUGH-O-RAMA!
AND NOW YOUR HOST ON TH' HOST! BUSTER CRAB!!!
YAY! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
THANK YOU! THANK YOU! WELCOME, LADIES AND GERMS! (HEH! HEH!)
WELL, DIDJA HEAR ABOUT THE NEW T.V. SERIES THAT FEATURES A CRAB WHO LIVES ON A HOMOSEXUAL?
IT'S CALLED "THE LITTLE LOUSE ON THE FAIRY"!
HA! HA!
GROAN!
HEY HO!
BUT, SERIOUSLY, FOLKS WE LICE WHO DO LIVE ON GAYS KNOW WHAT A RIOT THAT CAN BE, SO YOU'LL WANNA' CATCH THE NEXT "GAY COMIX"!
YES, WE HAVE SOME TRULY TASTELESS GAY HUMOR WAITING FOR YA', WHERE YOU'LL MEET...

Billy:

He's the kind of boy who washes his spinach in the shower and buys his Christmas presents at "Le Sex Boutique"...

Yours truly **Buster Crab:**



The 'lil louse who's lived on bodies noble and common from here to Ypsilanti, but be it ever so humble, there's no place like Billy..

Yves Arden:

The logistics of life are not in his favor: he lives next door to Billy...

Andre De Lafayette:

Arbiter of fashion, wise beyond his years, and one cool dude...

The Collected Cartoons of Jerry Mills

in

GAY comix no. 9

Gay Comix No. 9: Poppers is available by mail for $2.50 per issue, mailed first-class in sturdy, anonymous envelopes. **Subscriptions** are $10.00 a year (four issues). **Back issues** (No. 3 sold out) are also $2.50 apiece.

Mail check or money order to **Gay Comix, 1528 15th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.** Now!

DID YOU GET THE JOB, JAYSON?
NO. THEY GAVE IT TO A REAL MAN.
FIRE GUTS TWO HOMES IN MILLBOURNE...
WHY HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED HEMMING MY DRESS?
I MISPLACED THE NEEDLE AND WAS REDUCED TO TEARS LOOKING FOR IT.
GIOVANNI'S ROOM DOUBLES ITS SIZE
HOW ABOUT GOING TO MY ASSERTIVENESS TRAINING CLASS TONIGHT?
BUT WHEN WILL I FIND TIME TO MAKE MY POUR-A-QUICHE?
BUT THE BIG STORY ON ACTION NEWS TONIGHT..
OH, JAYSON! YOU'RE A HOPELESS WIMP! WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE LIKE MY HERO, JAYSONMAN?
The Philadelphia Inquirer
JAYSONMAN!
ARENA, I COULDN'T HAND-LAUNDER HIS FINE WASHABLES.
JAYSONMAN, PHILADELPHIA'S CRUISING CRUSADER, STRUCK YET ANOTHER BLOW FOR THE RIGHTS OF DECENT CITIZENS EVERYWHERE.
© 1986 Bridled Creativity
Jayson Man & Arena Woman ...an epicene epic

I SUPPOSE NOT. JUST FINISH THE DRESS AND I WON'T BRING IT UP ANY MORE.
YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO ME.
SUPERCHARGED! LIKE YOU, MARY LOU!

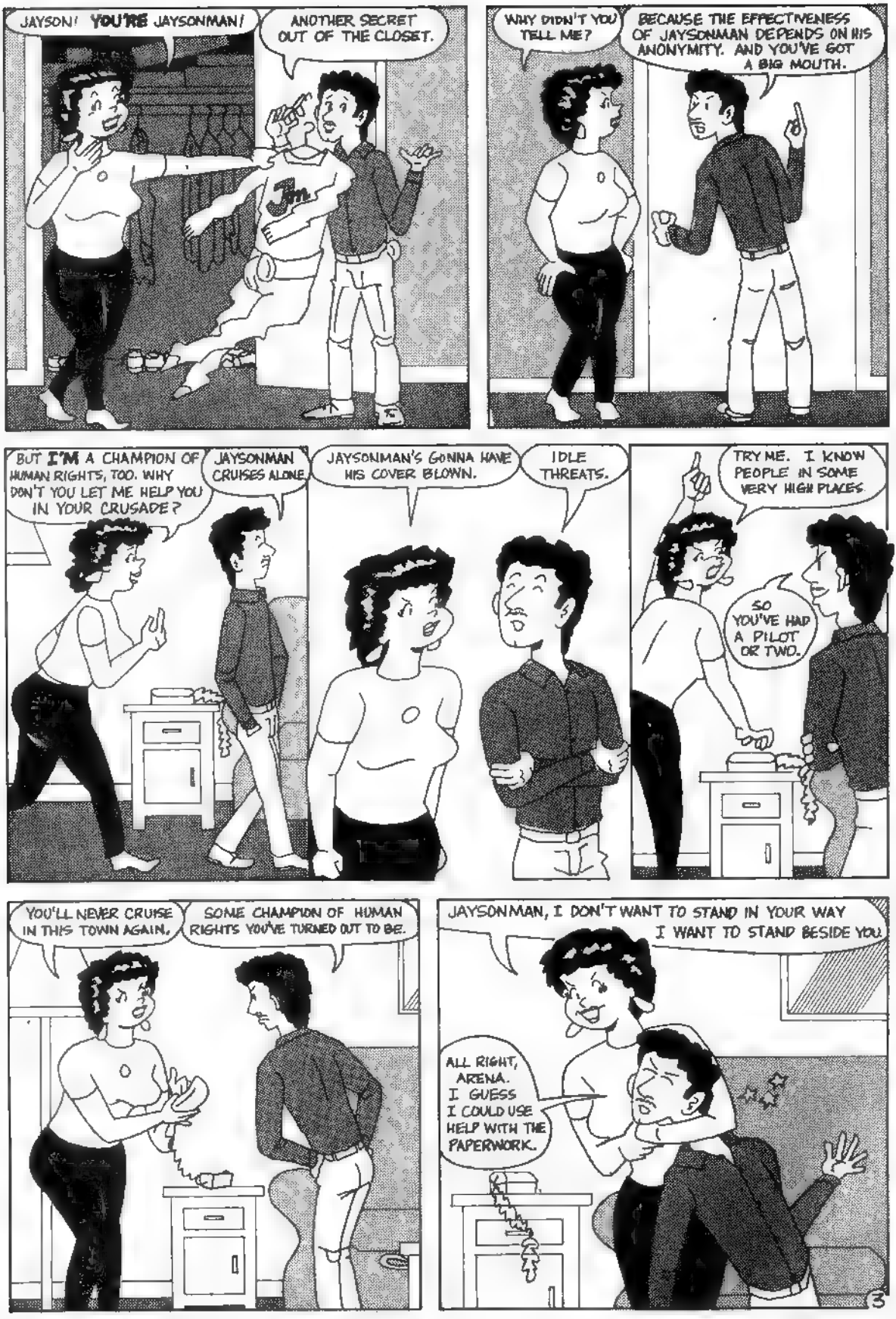
BOO HOO! THIS SPOOL IS ALMOST EMPTY.
WELL, BEFORE YOU TEAR-STAIN THE FABRIC, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU KEEP YOUR SEWING SUPPLIES?
CLICK.

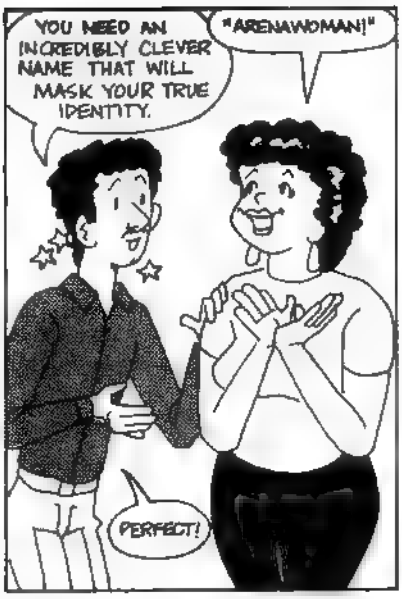
TOP SHELF OF MY BEDROOM CLOSET.
SIT TIGHT.

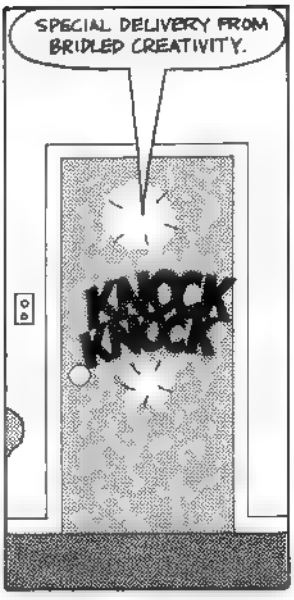
WAIT! I'LL GET IT!
TOO LATE. I'M LIGHTNING.

BUT THE CLOSET IS — DIRTY.
I'VE SEEN DIRTY CLOSETS BEFORE, STARTING WITH MY OWN.

THIS IS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE. AND THERE'S YOUR SEWING KIT, RIGHT NEXT TO YOUR JAYSONMAN COSTUME AND...
2


JAYSON! YOU'RE JAYSONMAN!
ANOTHER SECRET OUT OF THE CLOSET.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
BECAUSE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF JAYSONMAN DEPENDS ON HIS ANONYMITY. AND YOU'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH.
BUT I'M A CHAMPION OF HUMAN RIGHTS, TOO. WHY DON'T YOU LET ME HELP YOU IN YOUR CRUSADE?
JAYSONMAN CRUISES ALONE.
JAYSONMAN'S GONNA HAVE HIS COVER BLOWN.
IDLE THREATS.
TRY ME. I KNOW PEOPLE IN SOME VERY HIGH PLACES.
SO YOU'VE HAD A PILOT OR TWO.
YOU'LL NEVER CRUISE IN THIS TOWN AGAIN.
SOME CHAMPION OF HUMAN RIGHTS YOU'VE TURNED OUT TO BE.
JAYSONMAN, I DON'T WANT TO STAND IN YOUR WAY I WANT TO STAND BESIDE YOU.
ALL RIGHT, ARENA. I GUESS I COULD USE HELP WITH THE PAPERWORK.
3

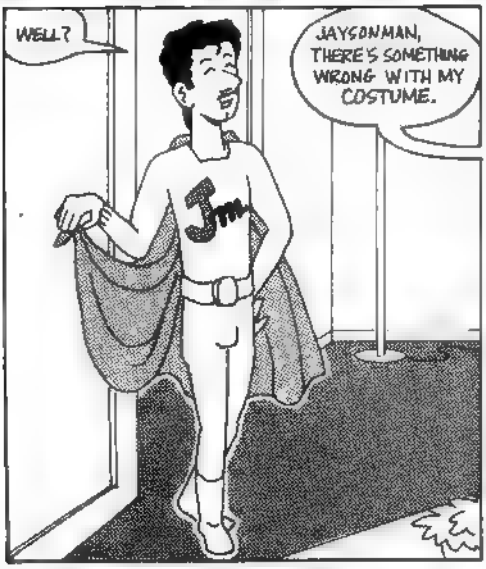

YOU NEED AN INCREDIBLY CLEVER NAME THAT WILL MASK YOUR TRUE IDENTITY.
"ARENAWOMAN!"
PERFECT!


SPECIAL DELIVERY FROM BRIDLED CREATIVITY.
KNOCK KNOCK

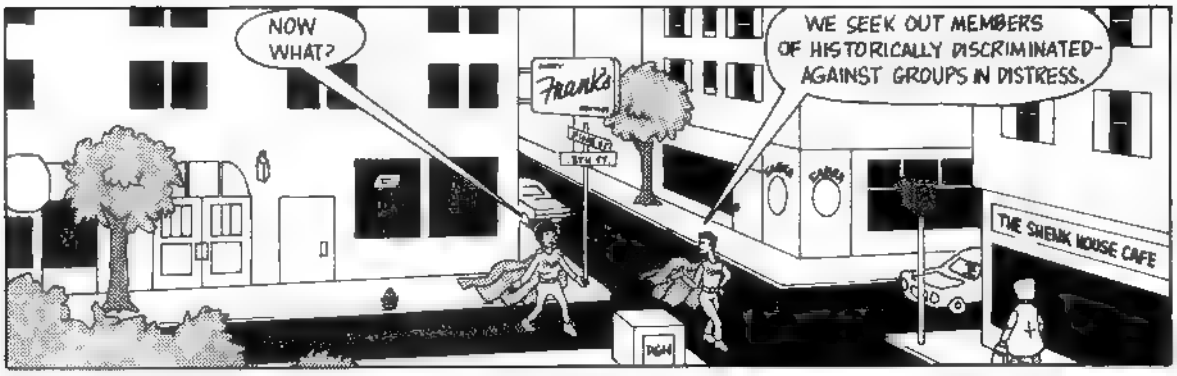
THAT'S MY COSTUME.
ALREADY?

OH, YOU WANT PAGES FALLING OFF A CALENDAR AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES? THIS ADVENTURE'S ALREADY OVER BUDGET, HON.
UNDERGROUND COMICS!
TOP SECRET

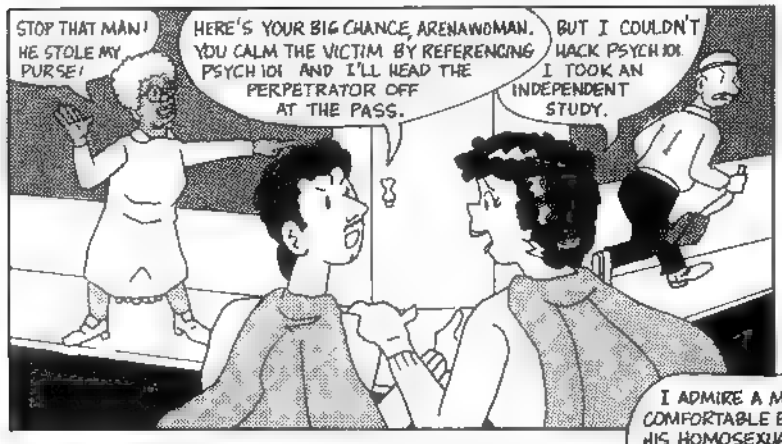
OH, I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY IT ON
GET YOURS TOO, JAYSON. LET'S SEE HOW WE LOOK TOGETHER.
TOP SECRET


WELL?
JAYSONMAN, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY COSTUME.

SEE? AREN'T MY TITS SUPPOSED TO DEFY GRAVITY?
HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL? I THOUGHT THE MUSCLES WOULD BE BUILT IN!

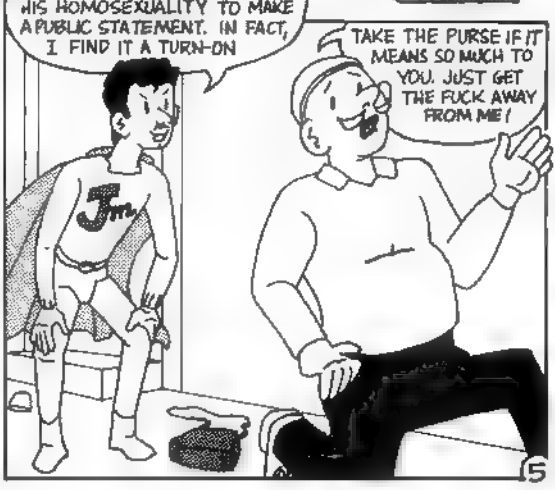

NOW WHAT?
WE SEEK OUT MEMBERS OF HISTORICALLY DISCRIMINATED-AGAINST GROUPS IN DISTRESS.
Frank's
THE SHEIK HOUSE CAFE

AND HOW DO WE HELP THEM? DID WE GET ANY SUPERPOWERS WITH THIS DEAL?
NOT PER SE. BUT WE'VE BEEN IMPARTED A SUPERIOR BODY OF KNOWLEDGE BY THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
THAT HASN'T EVEN GOTTEN US JOBS, BUBALAH. I MEAN BUBALAHMAN.
THE CORPORATE SECTOR MAY NOT APPRECIATE THE LIBERAL ARTS, BUT THE DOWNTRODDEN MASSES DO.
SCREECH! HELP!!


STOP THAT MAN! HE STOLE MY PURSE!
HERE'S YOUR BIG CHANCE, ARENAWOMAN. YOU CALM THE VICTIM BY REFERENCING PSYCH 101 AND I'LL HEAD THE PERPETRATOR OFF AT THE PASS.
BUT I COULDN'T HACK PSYCH 101 I TOOK AN INDEPENDENT STUDY.

TRY SOC 12.
OH, ALL RIGHT.

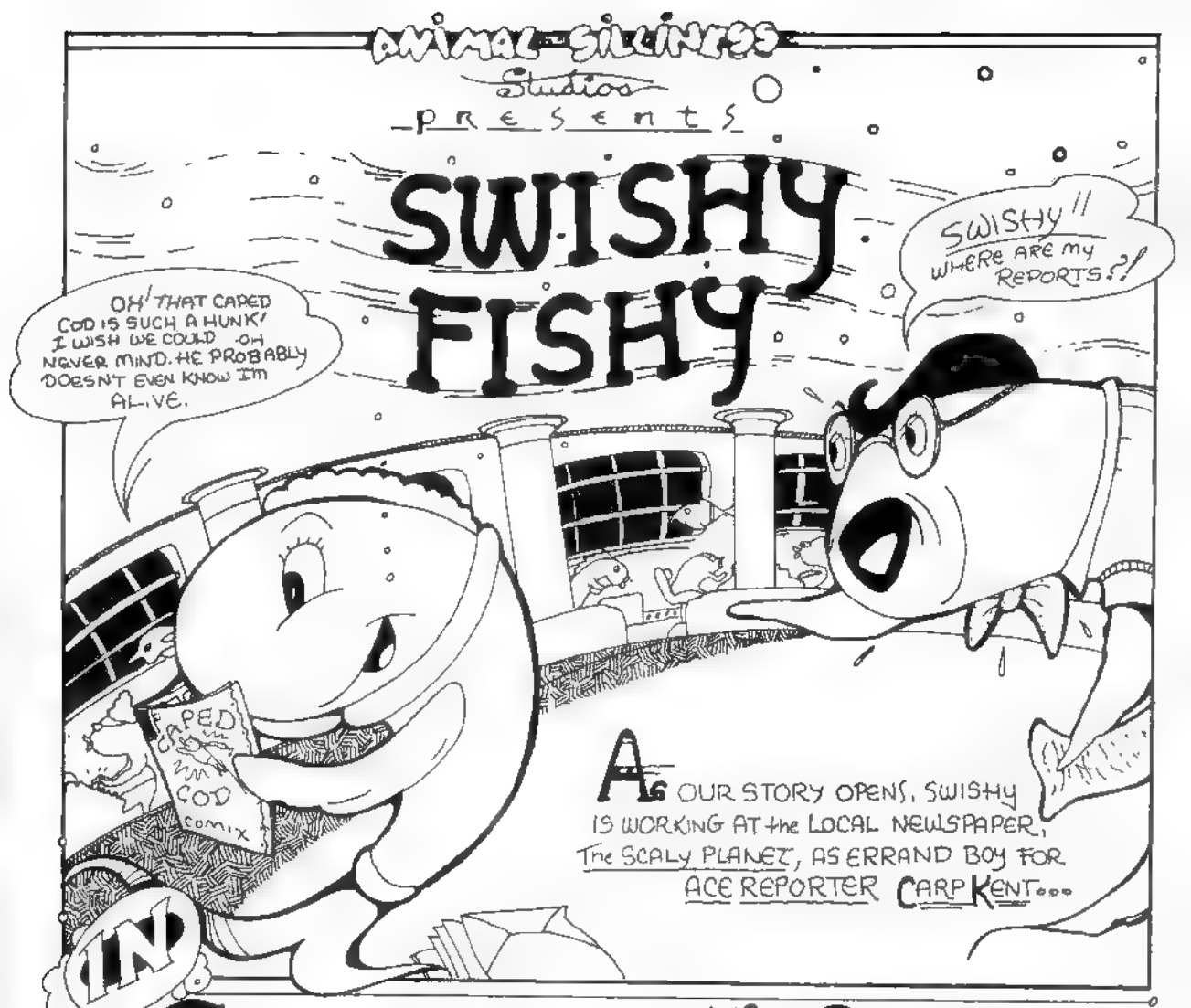
HEY, SAILOR. LOVE THE PURSE. NEW, ISN'T IT?
IT AIN'T MINE. GET OUTTA MY WAY, FAIRY


I ADMIRE A MAN WHO'S COMFORTABLE ENOUGH WITH HIS HOMOSEXUALITY TO MAKE A PUBLIC STATEMENT. IN FACT, I FIND IT A TURN-ON
TAKE THE PURSE IF IT MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU. JUST GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!

AND WHEN THEY STUDIED THE SOCIOGESTURAL MODE OF THE ARAPESH...
AH, YOU'VE CALMED THE VICTIM. NOW WOULD YOU PLEASE AROUSE HER?
HELP! HELP ME!
PGN
PHILADELPHIA GAY NEWS
ZZZZZ!
QUEER BASHERS!
FUCKIN' FAGGOT!
PUSSY!
STAMP OUT AIDS!
LET ME HANDLE THIS ONE.
BOYS, BOYS, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED.
IMAGINE, WASTING ALL YOUR MANLY, AGGRESSIVE, EROTIC ENERGY ON FISTICUFFS WHEN WHAT YOU'RE ALL REALLY LOOKING FOR IS THE LOVIN' OF A GOOD WOMAN
THANKS, JAYSONMAN!
WHY DON'T YOU MEET ME AND MY GIRLFRIENDS TONIGHT AND WE'LL SHOW YOU A REAL GOOD TIME.
YOU GOT IT, COOKIE!
HUBBA HUBBA!
DROOL!
WHAT ADDRESS DID YOU GIVE THEM?
MAMZELLE'S, THE LESBIAN BAR. THEY WON'T LAST TWO MINUTES.
I THINK LES HERE NEEDS A PITCHER AT DIRTY FRANK'S AND I SUSPECT HE DETESTS DRINKING ALONE.
WHAT COURSE ARE YOU REFERENCING?
I'VE TAKEN AN INDEPENDENT STUDY OR TWO MYSELF.
KOELL
end

ANIMAL SILLINESS Studios presents

SWISHY FISHY


OH! THAT CAPED COD IS SUCH A HUNK! I WISH WE COULD -OH NEVER MIND. HE PROBABLY DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'm ALIVE.
SWISHY!! WHERE ARE MY REPORTS?!
CAPED COD COMIX
AS OUR STORY OPENS, SWISHY IS WORKING AT the LOCAL NEWSPAPER, The SCALY PLANET, AS ERRAND BOY FOR ACE REPORTER CARP KENT...

IN

SWISHY MEETS the CAPED COD

©1986 MICHAEL J GOLDBERG

WITH SPECIAL THANKS to BILL SNYDER

CARP APPEARS STERN

BUT WHAT'S THIS??
SIGH! HE'S SUCH A CUTE YOUNG FISH... BUT HOW CAN I REVEAL MY SECRET ID TO HIM?
HIS SECRET? YES IN REALITY CARP IS NONE OTHER THAN....

SWISHY HAS SOME TOUGH COMPETITION FROM GIRL REPORTER—LOIS FISH
I'D SWIM OFF WITH the CAPED COD IN A SECOND IF HE ASKED ME. (SIGH)
me too!
OH! SWISHY, DON'T BE SILLY YOU'RE JUST A "FUNNY" FISH! (tee hee!)
ON HIS WAY HOME SWISHY IS DEEP IN THOUGHT...
SUDDENLY AN OLD TIRE TOSSED CARELESSLY INTO the POND CAUSES HAVOC BELOW—
CRASH!
"FUNNY FISH—HA! the CAPED COD WOULDN'T CARE HE'S TOO GOOD and HUH!
TOO LATE!
EEEEKK!!
WHO WILL SAVE HIM?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
IT'S HIM!
I I JM JH, I UMM I EEEEE
the CAPED COD TAKES SWISHY TO HIS OWN FRONT DOOR.
HERE YOU ARE HOME SAFE. MAYBE GET A CHANCE TO SAVE YOU AGAIN. YOU SURE ARE CUTE
?
LURKING IN THE SHADOWS WE FIND the CAPED COD'S ARCHENEMY—BARON BARRACUDA* WHO IS CURRENTLY BEING ASSISTED BY NONE OTHER THAN—ORCA DADDY!! —the BARON NOW SEES A PERFECT WAY TO LURE the CAPED COD INTO HIS CLUTCHES.
*GRANDSON of the BARON BARRACUDA of DIVER DAN FAME.
ACH—IS DOT LA KID?
YEA THAT'S HIM
BUENO, WE'LL START TOMORROW!
THE NEXT DAY.....
HI YA KID!
HOWS TRICKS?
WAIT'LL I TELL LOIS.. SHE'LL BE... GEEK!! IT'S THAT NASTY WHALEFISH!
©'80 M. GOLDBERG

SWISHY RESISTS ORCA'S INVITATION
I I DON'T WANT TO GO HOME AND GET SKEWERED!
HEY! NO SWEAT! I'M NOT INTO ALL THAT HARD STUFF ANYMORE. I'M STRICTLY VANILLA THESE DAYS
SO LETS YOU AND ME GO TO MY PLACE AND TAKE A BUBBLE BATH?
IN YA GO PAL. (YEA)
YOU GOT A DATE WITH ROYALTY — the BARON!
EEEK!
JUST AT THAT MOMENT, CARP AND LOIS ARE PASSING BY....
LOOK LOIS! THAT THUG JUST ABDUCTED SWISHY!!
WHAT'LL WE DO?
STAY HERE, LOIS — I'LL GO TRY AND FIND — the CAPED COD!
?
LOIS NVESTIGATES...
HMMM THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON HERE!
THERE'S CARP'S DORKY BOWTIE AND GLASSES BUT NO CARP! (HMMMM!)
LATER AT BARON BARRACUDAS HIDEWAY —
UND NOW, ... WE HAF LA SVISHY AS BAIT, WE VAIT FOR DAS STUPIDISCH COD TO MAKE HIS RESCUE APPEARANCE. DATS VEN I OPEN DIS BARREL OF TOXIC VASTE UND KILL HIM. MIT EL COD OUT OF the WAY, I CAN CARRY OUT MY EVIL PLAN AGAINST ALL FISHDOM. RIGHT, BOYS??
TOXIC WASTE!!!
SO, THATS HIS PLAN. IDIOT! DOESN'T HE REALIZE HE'LL KILL ALL OF US. THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR. HMM! I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA
YEA, BOSS!
the NOTORIOUS SQUID BOYS!
DAMO
©1986 M J GOLDBERG

O.K!! BARON. the GIG IS UP!!
SORRY ABOUT THIS PAL - BUT YOU'LL THANK ME LATER
SAY BUENOS NOCHE, CODFISH!!
WHAM!
IN the INKY DARKNESS, The BATTLE ERUPTS
SQUISH!
BLAM!
SPLAT!
WHEN THE INK FINALLY CLEARS ---- LOIS ENTERS
WAIT! SWISHY! DON'T THROW YOURSELF AT THAT FISH. HE'S REALLY CARP KENT UNDER THAT CAPE LOOK!! HERE'S HIS GLASSES AND DORKY BOWTIE!!!
OH! CAPED COD! HOW CAN I THANK YOU?
I'LL SHOW YOU
COR, BLIMEY VOT HAPPENED?
OOOO!! I CAN'T BELIEVE ITS TRUE EYEW! LIKE, GO AWAY!! (YOU NERD!)
BUT, I THOUGHT YOU LIKED ME
OH, CARP I MEAN CAPED COD.. I I I'm SOO CONFUSED!
FERGET IT!!
BUT, I WANTED TO TAKE YOU TO MY FISH BOWL of SOLITUDE!
AND THE NEXT DAY AT THE OFFICE . .
WHATCHA READING NOW, SWISHY?
UH FIELD AND STREAM.
THE END
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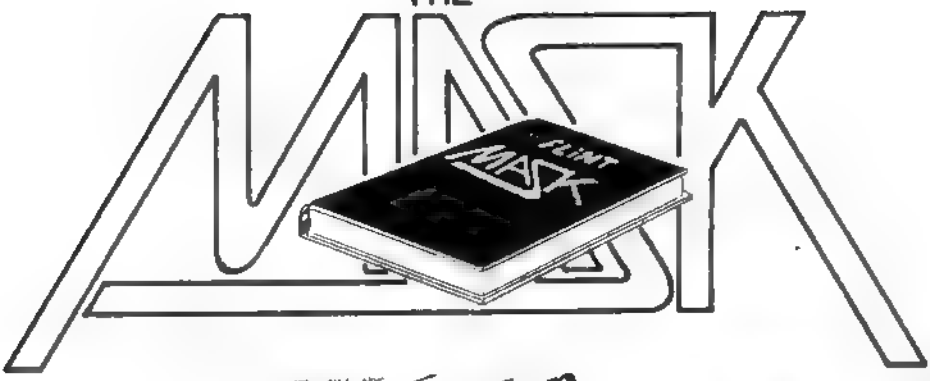
THE MASK



"Believe it or not I was on the scene when he first appeared."

Masked Man Saves Schoolbus

FBI Rules Out Seized Rift Attack on Black Lead

"You were in that schoolbus?"
"Yes, we were on a class trip to some museum or other. I was so busy being excited I don't remember feeling any fear!"

GOSH, CHRIS! WILL YA LOOK AT THAT? WHO'S THIS GUY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE SURE IS STRONG! I WONDER HOW COME HE CAN FLY?

"So he made a strong impression on you?"

"You don't know the half of it! I'll never forget that day, should I live to be a hundred!"

LOOK! HE'S GOING!
GOOD BYE!
THANK YOU, MISTER!
YOU KNOW, BILL, I THINK I'LL NEVER FORGET HIM!
NEITHER WILL I CHRIS, AND I'M SURE WE WILL SEE HIM AGAIN BEFORE LONG!

"As the saying goes truer words were never spoken. Before you had time to say "Masked hero" he seemed to be every where at once ..."

"... In the papers..."

WSWEEK

HE'S NOT A BIRD... HE'S NOT A PLANE... AND HE'S NOT SUPERMAN!

"... on t.v ..."

"... and, of course, in the comics!"

CHRIS!! LOOK, THEY'D GOT THE NEW ISSUE!

NOW WILL YA LOOK AT THIS! DOCTOR STRANGE IS BACK! I WONDER HOW HE GOT HIMSELF OUT OF THE DEMON PIT?

AW, THESE STORIES ARE DUMB... AND THEY STILL HAVE NOT EXPLAINED HOW HE MANAGES TO FLY!

Mysterious

WASHINGTON, March 27

Scores of the workers were hurled into the sea as [illegible] crashed form [illegible] and plat- legs and ter- [illegible] its five. There were [illegible] the platforms [illegible] apartments on [illegible] east England [illegible] of rest per [illegible]

2

YES, THEY DID! THEY SAID HE WAS ABLE TO MAKE HIMSELF LIGHTER THAN AIR!

THAT'S SILLY! IF HE IS LIGHTER THAN AIR, HOW COME HE CAN THROW A PUNCH LIKE A WORLD-BOXING CHAMP?

SO? WHAT DO YOU KNOW? DO YOU WANT ME TO THROW A PUNCH AT YOU??

-SIGH- IT'S NO USE ARGUING WITH YOU, YOU ALWAYS END UP TALKING WITH YOUR FISTS!

GEE... I'M SORRY, CHRIS... I...

NEVER MIND, GUYS, COME WHEN YOU'RE WISHED, HIM?

"These comic books were what got me started..."

"The stories in them were always right silly and I like I could come up with better stories..."

ALL RIGHT!

NOW, THE MASK IS A PRISONER OF THE EVIL AZTEC QUEEN. HOW DOES HE GET OUT OF THIS JAM?

AND HOW CAN I EXPLAIN GIANT CONDORS IN NEW YORK?

"And did you make it in the comics?"
"Are you kidding?"
"The guys who did those books were too dumb to recognize a good story if it had bit them!"
HEY BILL! WHAT'S COOKING? DID YOU GET THE LATEST MASK YET?
SAY! HOW COME THE LONG FACE?
OH, NO ANOTHER REJECTION SLIP?
YEAH.. ANOTHER ONE... I'VE STOPPED COUNTING THEM. I... I MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT, I'LL NEVER MAKE IT AS A WRITER...
.. AND BESIDES HOW CAN I COME UP WITH OUTRAGEOUS VILLAINS FOR THIS COSTUMED CLOWN TO FIGHT WHEN ALL HE EVER MANAGES TO CLOBBER IN REAL LIFE ARE BANK ROBBERS, FOR PETE'S SAKE?!?
AW COME ON! YOUR STORIES ARE NOT THAT BAD! I LIKE THEM TROUBLE IS, YOU ALWAYS WANT TO FIT THE MASK IN THEM; I'M SURE THEY'D BE ALL RIGHT WITHOUT HIM... WHY DON'T YOU REWORK THEM AND TRY TO SELL THEM AS SHORT STORIES TO FANTASY MAGAZINES?
WELL... I DON'T KNOW...
GIVE IT A TRY, HUH?
NOW YOU PROMISED YOU'D WORK WITH ME ON MY ELECTRONICS PROJECT...
"I soon realized that my tales were dead enough to find some other market, which they did quite fast. Besides I was growing up and discovering other interests than the antics of a costumed do-gooder..."
Mask Foils Assassin
GAY PRI
3

I THINK YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG STEVE! WE MUST NOT TRY FOR AN ULTRA CAMP IMAGE F WE WANT LIBERATION A BALANCE MUST BE REACHED BETWEEN THE AFFIRMATION OF OUR OWN SUBCULTURE AND OUR CASUAL ACCEPTANCE BY THE WORLD AT LARGE SO IT LOGICALLY FOLLOWS THAT...

HI EVERYBODY SORRY TO BARGE IN, BUT HERE'S A FRIEND FROM L.A I WANTED YOU TO MEET!
?
!

MAX, THIS IS BILL FLINT, OUR HOTSHOT FANTASY WRITER...
BUT DON'T ASK HIM WHAT KIND OF FANTASY HE'S INTO, OR HE'S LIABLE TO GET VIOLENT!

"How sad there comes a time in life when the toys of childhood must be put away, shiny though they are.

...AND THIS IS CHRIS GRAHSON A WIZARD IN ELECTRONICS
ELECTRONICS? THAT IS MY TRADE... PLEASED TO MEET YOU, CHRIS!
-ER HI!
NOW AS I WAS SAYING...

" So you gradually lost interest in the Masks career? "
" I'm afraid so. I was too busy hitting the typewriter's keys. But he was still active - that was before his so called retirement. He even appeared once or twice in my city -"
BOOM WHAM
by FLINT
WARM IS THE NEST OF THY THROAT...
by FLINT
BIRDS OF PREY
cal Violence

"That retirement occured when you were starting to become famous didn't it?"

"Well I suppose you could phrase it this way yes."

THE MASK

"Although a friend of mine - another Fantasy writer - has a rather weird theory about it."

"According to him I created the Mask."

"Huh?"

"Yes, he told me that the Mask was a mere figment of my imagination, and that my childish year-rings has conjured him up!"

Mask Visits Our City Again

FANTASY

DARK MUSINGS

not a sparrow FALLS

WILLIAM FLINT

"So it logically ensues that as soon as I stopped being interested in him he simply disappeared!"

"Rather far fetched a notion isn't it? As if someone could simply vanish just because you stopped thinking about him."

"But you still haven't explained what made you write this book about the Mask?"

"Ah why does one write a book? Take A FLUTTER OF WINGS for instance..."

"That was your second novel, and your breakout book as well?"
"Yeah, but it took me two years to write it and almost as long to get it published. Turned out that I have been really lucky with that one..."

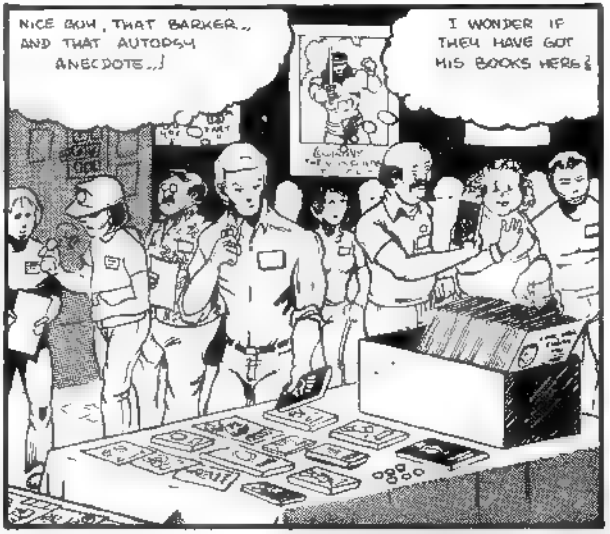
Locus

THE NEWSPAPER OF THE SCIENCE FICTION FIELD

Lynn, Barker & Flint Win World Fantasy Awards

who is notorious for his early

HEY! DON'T YOU WANT A DRINK TO CELEBRATE THE AWARD?
LATER. THANK YOU. I HAVE TO PUT THIS IN MY ROOM, AND I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK IN THE BOOK ROOM. I HAVE NOT FOUND THAT COPY OF 'FANTASY TALES', YET!
IT'S ALL RIGHT. THE CON IS NOT OVER YET. REMEMBER TO COME TO THE DEAD DOG PARTY!



"Still, a lot of people don't understand why your new book is not a Fantasy novel, but the story of a masked hero"

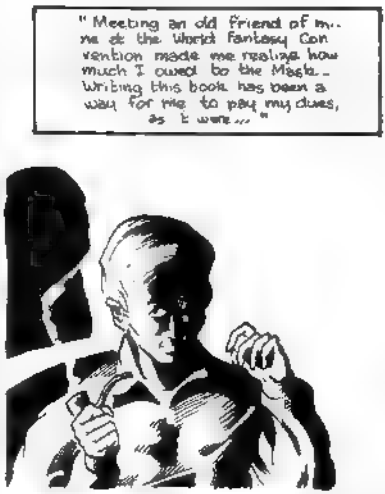
"Well, the Mask has always been a Fantasy hero for me - I might as well admit it. And besides, it seemed a good way to fulfill a childhood dream..."

CHRIS! YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD! I WAS HOPING YOU'D SHOW UP! I DIDN'T HAVE YOUR ADDRESS BUT I KNEW YOU AND MAX WERE LIVING HERE. HAS HE COME TO THE CON, TOO?

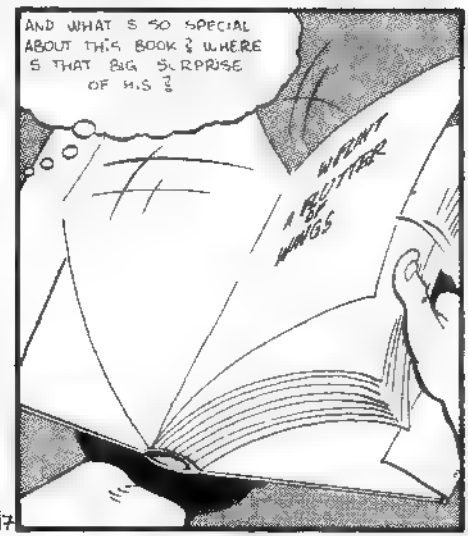
ER... NO. I'M AFRAID HE COULDN'T MAKE IT. HE HAS BEEN SICK LATELY
OH
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT... SAM HE...D FOR ME WILL YOU?

I WILL ER...
WOULD YOU SIGN 'A FLUTTER OF WINGS' FOR ME?
OF COURSE. BUT... TELL ME YOU'VE NOT OPENED IT YET?
WELL... NO... I'VE JUST BOUGHT IT...

WELL THEN I'LL SIGN IT WHEN YOU'VE OPENED IT! WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL THE SURPRISE. SEE YOU LATER!
BUT...
COMICS


"Meeting an old friend of mine at the World Fantasy Convention made me realize how much I owed to the Mask. Writing this book has been a way for me to pay my dues, as it were..."

NOW, WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT? I HOPE HE'S NOT STILL HOLDING A GRUDGE...


AND WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS BOOK? WHERE'S THAT BIG SURPRISE OF HIS?
A FLUTTER OF WINGS

DEDICATION:
For Chris,
who, a long time ago,
taught me how to fly.
"And do you feel that your writing this book was responsible for the Mask's comeback?"
"I don't see how it could be possible: the comeback took place before the book was published..."
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAX. I HAVE CHANGED MY MIND...
I... I WILL DO IT!
"... unless you subscribe to the theory I mentioned earlier — which would be absurd"
"It seems that the Mask whose feats we have been admiring of late is not the same one as a few years ago. What do you think about this?"
"Of course he is the same man. The Mask remains the same."
THE END
SCRIPT: Jean-Daniel BRÈQUE
- 25 Juin 1986 -
ART: Patrick MARCEL

WHEN YOU'VE GOT A LEMON, MAKE LEMONADE! THUS SAYETH THE POLLYANNA
+PERSONS
OPTIMISTS CLUB
ALL RIGHT! OUR MISSION IS TO VISIT THE HOSPITALS AND CHEER UP THE TERMINAL PATIENTS!
BY ONE OF COMICDOM'S VERY GREATEST COLLABORATIONS!
RABID ROBERT TRIPTOW - STORY
RANCID RAWBUTT TRYPTO - ART
BAWLIN' BOBBY TRIPPYTOE - INKS
BOWLIN' BOB TRUPTOO - LETTERS
PROFESSOR PLUS! THE LEGIONS OF LaROUCHE HAVE OVERTHROWN THE GOVERNMENT AND DECLARED OPEN SEASON ON AIDS PATIENTS!
DAILY DEPRESSION
LaRouche Takes Over the World
GASP!! --A NEWSPAPER!!
GET RID OF IT!! IT'LL CONTAMINATE OUR POSITIVE ATTITUDE!

©1986 ROBERT TRIPTOW

BESIDES, ONE-EYE, THERE IS REALLY NO SUCH THING AS AIDS! IT'S ALL JUST... DISINFORMATION!
EXCUSE ME, PROF, BUT HOW COULD YOU KNOW? YOU'VE SPENT YOUR ENTIRE LIFE IN A WHEELCHAIR!
WHAT WHEELCHAIR?
BUT PROFESSOR— THIS MEANS WE COULD ALL END UP IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS!
IN A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD, I'M SURE!
BUT WE'D BE LOCKED UP!
BONDAGE CAN BE FUN, TOO!
OKAY! --TIME FOR OUR OPTIMISM "PLUS"-ERCISES! PLUS-PERSONS--ASSEMBLE!!
POSITION ONE! REACH THE FLOOR! STRE-E-E-ETCH!
DÉJÀ VU
POSITION TWO! FORGET WHAT YOU KNOW AND LET THE MIND WANDER--
POKE
POKE
SEE ANYTHING?

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Gay Comix #8

Published Summer 1986
1st edition
Bob Ross
$2.00
44 pages
Printrun of ? copies
7" x 10"
ISBN:

Stories:

a2 - Batman and Robin Made Me Gay
a3 - Leatherthing
a8 - Ironwoman's Safety Tips For Gals
a9 - A Midsummer Night's Super Stud
a17 - The Adventures of Captain Condom
a21 - Fa-a-abulous Four
b2 - The Collected Cartoons of Jerry Mills (Ad)
b3 - Jayson Man & Arena Woman, ...and Epicene Epic
b9 - Swishy Fishy in "Swishy Meets the Caped Cod"
b13 - The Mask
b21 - +Persons

Artists:

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Robert Triptow - a21-a22, b1, b21-b22
Jerry Mills - b2
Jeffrey A. Krell - b3-b8
Michael J. Goldberg - b9-b12
Patrick Marcel - b13-b20(a)
Jean-Daniel Breque - b13-b20(script)

Comments:

Back-to-back "69" issue.